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**The New Drury-Lane
concert**

London

[18--?]

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**Title : The New Drury-Lane concert : being a collection of the
newest and most approved songs.**

Imprint : London : Printed by Howard and Evans, [18--?]

Format : 8 p. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

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THE NEW

Drury-Lane Concert ;

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF THE

NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED

S O N G S.



CONSISTING OF

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1. The Lucky Escape. | 6. The Chelsea Pensioner. |
| 2. The Sailor's Departure from his true love Susan. | 7. Nan of Hampton-green. |
| 3. The Sweet Little Angel. | 8. I'll go no more a Cruising. |
| 4. The Greenwich Pensioner. | 9. Billy's Return from Sea. |
| 5. The Honest Waterman. | 10. The Lamplighter. |
| | 11. Tit for Tat. |

Printed by Howard and Evans, No. 41, Long-lane, West-Smith.

1. *The Lucky Escape.*

I THAT once was a ploughman a sailor am now,
 No lark that's aloft in the sky,
 Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plough,
 Was so gay and so careless as I;
 But my friend was a car findo aboard a king's ship,
 And he ax'd me to go juit to sea for a trip,
 And he talk'd of such things, as if sailois were kings, and so
 teasing did keep,
 That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 I trusted the car findo, and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
 I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
 When ~~in~~ danger there's no door to creep out,
 I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
 But I did not like rocking bout;
 By-and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
 Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat,
 Ah! cried I, who would roam, ~~that~~ like me had a home, when
 I'fow and I'd reap.
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep;
 Where sweetly the horn, &c
 At last safe I landed, and in a whole kin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found ~~in~~ a friend; who I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife run away;
 Ah! who but myself, said I, halt thou to blame,
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good name,
 Ah! why did I roam, when so happy at home, I could sow and
 could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
 When so sweetly the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 Curse light upon the car findo, and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
 Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gi's a shake by the fit, all your care's at an end,
 Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home,
 Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
 Bos'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin;
 Now, cry'd I, let them roam who want a good home, I am well,
 so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave the plough to go ploughing the deep,
 Once more shall the horn call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any d— car findo, nor the inconstant wind,
 Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

The Sailor's departure from his true love Susan.

A DIEU, my lovely Susan, from you I am forc'd to go,
 All for to leave your company, which fills my heart with woe,
 But if that God should spare my life, and I return again,
 I vow I will make you my wife, and free you from all pain,
 O talk not so, my jewel, my joy, and only dove,
 To go and leave me in despair, there's none but you I love,
 When you are on the briny main, and I am left on shore,
 If in battle you should be slain, I ne'er shall see you more.
 I must confess, my dearest dear, these words are very kind,
 Alas! it grieves me to the heart to leave you here behind,
 When I am on the raging sea you I will bear in mind,
 Because to me you always prov'd tender, loving, and kind
 So farewell, my Susan dear, I can no longer stay,
 To-morrow, by the dawn of day, our ship she sails away,
 May God protect you, my dearest life, till I return again,
 The firmest love within my breast for you shall still remain.
 The day it being arriv'd he was to sail away,
 This beautiful young damsel these words that
 Farewell, my lovely sailor, I hope you'll think on me,
 And not forget the vows you made when you are on the

The Sweet Little Angel.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
 Alas! I may not see him again
 In spite of all talking could not but weep,
 To help it I am sure was in vain;
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,
 Saying, Poll, come my soul, it won't do,
 So, d'ye hear, a vast whining and sobbing, my girl
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you;
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in the right
 From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.
 Yet while he's at distance each thought is employed
 And naught can delight me on shore,
 I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
 And Jack I shall never see more;
 But then 'tis but fancy, that angel above,
 Who can do such wonder of things,
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself thus I sing,
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
 For a something that whispers, d'ye see,
 Here's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out for poor Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 O never, O never come back;
 But, O it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt water his grave,
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
 Or dread every turbulent wave,
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight,
 For a something that whispers, d'ye see,
 'There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor jack unto me.

The Greenwich Pensioner.

TWAS in the good ship Rover I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years, and over, I ne'er touch'd British ground,
 At length in England landed, I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded, and went to sea again.
 That time bound strait to Portugal, right fore and aft we bore,
 And when we made Cape Ortugal, a gale blew off the shore,
 She lay so it did shock her, a log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker, we put to sea again.
 Next in a frigate sailing, upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing the horrors of the fight,
 My precious limb was lopped off, I, when they cas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popped off, and went to sea again.
 Yet still I am enabled to bring up in life's rear,
 Altho' I'm quite disabled and tie in Greenwich tier,
 The king, God bless his royalty, who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty, but ne'er to sea again.

The Honest Waterman.

I Was, d'ye see, a Waterman, as tight and spruce as any,
 Twixt Richmond town and Horslydown I turn'd an honest penny,
 None could of fortune's favours brag more than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag, and grunter in my stie;
 With wherry tight, and bosom light, I cheerfully did row,
 And to complete this princely life, sure never one had friend and wife
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.
 I roll'd in joys like these awhile, folks far and near carest me;
 Till woe is me, so lubberly, the vermin came and press'd me;
 How could I all these pleasures leave; how with my wherry part?
 I never so took on to grieve, it wrung my very heart;
 But when on board they gave the word, to foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born, that ever I should thus be torn
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.
 I did my duty manfully, while on the billows rolling, bowling;
 And night or day could find my way, blindfold to the main-top

Thus all the dangers of the main, quicksands and galleons
I brav'd in hopes to taste again the joys I left behind
In climes afar, the hottest war, pour'd broadsides on the foe,
I will these perils all relate, as by my side attentive
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty to give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts, from foreign parts, came home for consolation,
Like lightning, for I felt new life, now safe from war's alarms,
I return'd and found my friend and wife lock'd in each other's arms,
Yet fancy not I bore this lot, for him a lubber, no,
For seeing I was finely trick'd, plump to the devil I boldly
My Poll and my partner Joe.

The Chelsea Pensioner.

WHEN first I was enlisted I was both young and gay,
Each lass I met I kiss'd her, and tripp'd time away,
I learnt my exercise, fir, and then I was sent to fight,
And now a little wiser, tho' in this hapless plight,
I went into the battle, where thundering cannons roar,
O such a horrid rattle I never heard before,
One bullet took a peeper—thank God there is one left,
And yet I do not weep, fir, tho' of one leg bereft.
At Chelsea now the pension gives comfort to my life,
And round the quart I mention my former deadly strife,
Brown Bess I often shoulder, forget my former pain,
And fight, to each beholder, my battles o'er again,
I spend my money freely, with pleasure drink and sing,
Whatever fate may deal me, God bless the king and queen,
If foes again assail them, to garrison I'll go,
Brown Bess will never fail when attacking of the foe.

Sweet Nan of Hampton Green.

WITH care I've search'd the village round, and many a ham-
let try'd,
At last a fair I hap'ly found, devoid of art and pride,
In a neat little cot, it is her lot, a rustic life to lead,
With tender care, her lamplings rear, and watch her ewes at feed.

*Chorus—Where Thames in silver current flows to beautify the scene;
There blooms the fair, a blushing rose, Sweet Nan of Hampton green.*

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love, her manner form'd to please,
In mildness equal to the dove, with innocence and ease,
To paint her face, her form and grace, all words are weak and vain,
Enough to tell, she does excel the daughters of the main.
When first the charmer I survey'd with doubt my heart was fraught,
Fancy the beauteous maid pourtray'd, a goddess to my thought,
In amorous bliss I stole a kiss, which banish'd all alarm,
Then joyful found my wishes crown'd, a mortal in my arm.

I'll go no more a Cruising.

I AM a jolly sailor bold, lately come from cruising,
I'll go unto the girl I love, for she's of my own chusing,
She's got a small and slender waist, according to my chusing,
I mean to make her my lawful wife, and go no more a cruising.

Wi tal de widdle law.

I to her father's house will go enquiring for my jewel,
Her father he saluted me with countenance most cruel,
I ask'd him for his daughter dear, she's one of my own chusing,
I mean to make her my lawful wife, and go no more a cruising.
Her father he reply'd and said, love is an idle tale, fir,
If you do not depart my house I'll send you to a jail, fir,
Now I have been where bullets fly, and cannons loudly roar, fir,
Now must I for a woman die all on my native shore.
Then Jack he answered, god of war, that caus'd me to come
hither,

It was not by any selfish want, nor by the distress of weather,
For your daughter dear is all I crave, she's one of my own chusing,
I will make her my own lawful wife, and go no more a cruising.
The constables they seized me, to jail I was sent, fir,
The jail keepers well used me in punch; I did lament,
Both punch and slip was in our ship, in the jail where I was boozing,
I wish'd myself on board a privateer a cruising.
My love she in the parlour sat, and heard how I was used,
She said it griev'd her heart to think I was abused;
In sailor's dress she came to me, in the jail where I was boozing,
And said she would have no other man because I was her chusing.
The licence then that night was got, and straight way we were
married,

My love she staid in jail all night, and all next day she tarried,
Which made her father curse and swear, and me he felt abusing,
Which made me laugh, and ten times more, because I had my
chusing.

Since now we are all friends again, ten thousand pounds he gave us,
More we shall have when he dies, I wish it was to-morrow,
I have got a sweet and a loving wife, according to my chusing,
I'll live a sober honest life, and go no more a cruising.

Billy's Return from Sea.

IN the dead of night, when winds did loudly blow,

Sweet Susan was lamenting for her love,

Her tender heart oppress'd with grief and woe,

She sat imploring of the powers above,

To send her swain safe back again,

That in her arms she might him enfold,

To check her tears a pleasant voice she heard,

And found it was her jolly tailor bold,

The locks and bolts he quickly made to fly,

Like lightning flew into each other's arms,

Dear William thou art more to me than ever,

pray thee bid adieu to war's alarms.

Susan, my dear, my story hear,
 For I have been where cannons roar,
 All for thy sake, a fortune for to make,
 To live in peace and plenty here on shore.
 With Rodney I have ploughed the raging main,
 Undauntedly to face each daring foe,
 Rich prizes we have took from France and Spain,
 And now, my love to sea no more I'll go;
 My dear behold here's store of gold,
 To-morrow to the church we'll hie,
 Then hand and heart, never till death do part,
 And there the priest the marriage knot shall tie.
 The bells did ring as to the church they went,
 At their return the music loud did play,
 Both friends and parents seeming all content,
 With flowing bowls they crown'd the happy day;
 Now void of care, this happy pair
 Like turtle doves they bill and coo,
 His heart's at ease, he has left the raging seas.
 In peace to dwell now with his lovely Sue.

The Lamplighter.

I'M jolly Dick the Lamplighter, they say the sun's my dad;
 And truly I believe it, fir, for I'm a pretty lad;
 Father and I the world do light, and make it look so gay,
 The difference is, I light by night, and father lights by day.
 But father's not the like of I for knowing life and fun,
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy, folks never shew the sun,
 Rogues, owls and bats can't bear the light, I've heard you wise ones
 And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night things never seen by day. (say,
 At night men lay aside all art, as quite a useless task;
 And many a face, and many a heart will then pull off the mask;
 Each formal prude and holy wight, will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night, who sinned it all day.
 His darling hoard the miser views, misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews to his country o'er his lamp,
 So father and I, d'ye take me right, are jult on the same lay;
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night, and he false saints by day.

Tit for Tat.

I'LL tell you of a farmer that was going to pay his rent,
 All for to pay his landlord it was his full intent,
 His wife she thought he had been gone, but it was a
 great mistake,
 For he was in his closet set, some writings for to make.
 Then comes a smart lace-merchant in, she treated him
 with wine,
 And said, my husband is from home, he love I do in-

And I wish he never may return, such compliments
 she made; [pillow laid.

So took him to a private room, where was he and
 The farmer hearing what was said, his anger rose apace,
 Then in the kitchen he did go where he saw a box of
 lace;

He took it soon and emptied it, and in the same he
 found

Diamond rings, lace and bills, worth seven hundred
 pounds.

The farmer goes into the town, as cunning as a fox,
 And there he got a bastard child, so he put it in the
 box;

Then took his neighbours home with him, all for to see
 the fun,

So craftily he put the box into the same place again :
 Then with his boots and spurs on into the room he goes,
 And with his whip in hand he threw down the clothes,
 Then he began to whip them both, and follow'd on
 his blows,

The smart they could no longer bear, so they ran with-
 out their clothes;

Not thinking of a child, the laceman took his box,
 And ran home like a madman, while the blood ran
 down his locks;

When his wife saw him naked she fell into a fit,
 She thought by a gang of thieves he had been robb'd
 and strip'd;

She pitied him most deplorably, and did bewail his case,
 Its well you say'd the box, my dear, with the diamond
 rings and lace; (ery,

She had no sooner spoke this, when the child began to
 Which made the matter ten times worse, they swore
 most bitterly. [him to the life,

The merchant is forc'd to keep the child, which grieves
 A thousand times he curst the day he kiss'd the far-
 mer's wife;

For horning of the farmer's wife he paid a thousand
 Nor ever after durst he come upon the farmer's grounds.

Howard & Evans, Printers, 42, Long-lane, London.